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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Chapter 1: Alex

Why does it seem as if no one ever sees me? Why do I feel invisible?

"Do you know where you are?" A male's voice asks.

I shake my head, "No," I say, I don't see anything, only black, but I can feel everything around me. I'm sitting on metal, cold metal, I haven't been on here long.

"Okay, can you move?" the man asks.

I attempt using on of my arms, and it moves out into the air, and bumps something, something warm. The man cries out in pain, and I hear his footsteps harshly hit the floor. I must have spilled something on him. I put my hand up to my mouth and gasp, "I'm so sorry," I say.

The man puts his hand on my shoulder, "It's okay Alex," he says, "It's fine. It was just a little coffee..." His voice goes silent for a couple seconds, but his hand doesn't move, "Alex," he says, "Can you see anything?"

I shake my head, "No, I cannot see anything... where am I?" I ask.

I hear the sound of a pencil sliding on paper, "You don't need to worry about it," he says, "How old are you, Alex? Can you tell me your full name, and who you're related to?" he asks.

I don't know why he wants to know so much about me. My name is Alexandra Connors. I'm 14 years old, and My parents are Scott and Rose Connors. I have one sibling, Rose Connors.

"Thank you Alex," he says, "You were here?" he asks.

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I try to think, but it's all a blur, I don't know how I got here, I just was here, all the sudden. What happened before I was here? Was I kidnapped? What happened?

Almost instantly, I start to see things behind my eyes, images of what I saw before this. It's all pictures of a war, a war happening inside my city. What happened? There had been a new president elected, and no one could agree on why he got elected, so everyone chose a side, it divided America, and then there were small fights, but then gradually grew into a full on war. I'm trying to hide with my family inside of my mother's closet, it's me, my mother and father, my older brother and my twin sister. We try to be quiet, then the door opens, and a guy with a gun he...

I scream, "No!"

"What's wrong Alex?!" I hear the man's voice.

I cup my head in my hands and shake my head, I can feel my tears forming in my palms, making their own little lakes of sorrow. "I can't remember! I don't want to! I want to see! I want to see!" Wait, how can I be here? I died!

"Okay, we'll let you see," he says.

I hear him walk a couple of feet away from me. I don't know where he's going. Am I blind? I shake my head again, there's got to be some kind of explanation for this. Maybe it was just a dream. My eyes flicker and I start to see shapes, but they're not clear yet. Everything is tinted blue. What's happened to me? After I see everything tinted blue, the blue turns into lines, and I see the inside of a table that I'm looking towards, I see the outside line, but then I'm seeing the inside of the object, clearly.

I close my eyes and shake my head, I'm hoping that I'm just seeing things. I hope that that's not really what I'm seeing. I open my eyes again, the same thing happens. I look to the side and see a skeleton with a dark outlining, which I'm guessing was the body of the human I'm looking at.

"Why am I not seeing things correctly?" I ask him.

"You just need to focus on what you want to see," he says, "I'll explain after you've gotten control of yourself."

"What happened to me? What's wrong with me?" I ask.

"Nothing is wrong with you," he says, "You're perfect, you just need to learn how to control your

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I nod and concentrate on the outlining of the man. As I do, the skeleton starts to disappear and I see his clothes, then his face, his hair, he comes into view, I can see him correctly. I sigh and smile, "Thank you," I say.

"You can see me?" he asks.

I nod, "Yes, I can see you," I say.

He smiles. The man has dark brown hair and green eyes, I don't know who he reminds me of, but he reminds me of someone. Maybe my father or older brother. The only thing that I really notice about him, are the way his eyes glow. They aren't just a normal green, they glow. If the lights were turned off, you'd see his eyes perfectly. They glow like glow-in-the-dark eyes or something.

"The more you practice, the easier it'll become for your eyes to adjust after powering on," he says. I still don't understand what he's talking about.

I tilt my head, "Why are you saying things like that?" I ask, but don't give him enough time to answer, "You haven't told me what's happening yet," I say.

The man facepalms as if he's disappointed in himself, "I'm sorry, I forgot I was going to tell you," he says, "You died in 2043, ten years ago."

My eyes widen in shock, "I am dead?!" I ask, "Then how am I here?! How can I be here if I died?!" It takes the man a second to answer, and the look on his face tells me that he's pondering on how he's going to explain this to me. "A civil war went on, and no bodies were left over. Me and a couple other scientists from Britain came to look for any remains we could find. We found you and a couple others from this state and a few other states. We used tables and genetic coding found from your remains to create a new body that looked like you before you died, or at least a hypothetic guess on what you did, according to the DNA samples we found. We used the DNA and were able to retrieve some memories from your old body, and downloaded them into a chip, when we did, we were able to put it inside the body that we had made for you," he explains. It takes me a couple of seconds to take all of this in. I'm a robot? How come I didn't understand this before? And where are all the other bodies that were killed? Where did everyone else's remains go? "What's your name?" I ask the man. Trying to get my mind off of being a robot. "Scott," he says, "My name is Scott Coleson,."

I nod my head, "Okay, Doc. Coleson," I say, "Who are the other people that you found and were

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woken up as we speak.”

“Were any found from my area?” I ask.

“Yes, two other people were found in your neighborhood,” he says.

“Do you know their names?” I ask.

He shakes his head, “We’re still programming their memories into their bodies, they won’t be awake for a while, and we haven’t found a record on them or anything. We know what they look like, but nothing has come up on what their name’s are,” he says.

I try to think of anyone I knew before this, but my head seems to be jumbled, “I know almost everything about myself,” I say aloud, “But not all of my memories are here, I can’t think of anything past my death.”

“That’s normal,” Scott says, “The other four took a couple days before they could remember why the war started, or even who their family was, or at least what they looked like.”

I nod my head, “I know what they looked like, and I know how the war started, but it’s in pieces and I’m not seeing the full picture yet,” I say.

“You do?!” Scott asks, he seems to be surprised, “You must be more advanced than the others, to have your memory back this much already, I bet you were made special,” he says.

“Made special?” I ask.

Scott nods, “Yeah, you were all re made as a team,” he says, “You’re supposed to clean up the mess that was made.”

“The mess?” I ask for clarification.

“You’ll see, as soon as we can get you outside, but we’ll have to run some tests first,” Scott says. What’s happened outside the doors, what has happened to America? Has something gone seriously wrong? I don’t know what to say. I nod and then look down.

“Now, I’m gonna have to power you off for about three hours,” the man says, “Until the others are all awake, they’ll be excited to meet you. And I was asked to show you to everyone last.”

“Okay,” I say.

The man walks across the room and I hear him press a few buttons, then my eyes turn everything into a tinted blue, then everything goes black, again.

Chapter 2 by Guardian Assassin



Chapter 2: Vex

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I've been up and moving for a couple days, learning the something I'm not told

"Hey Vex" I hear her voice. I like, until I see her

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"Hey Cat," I say, I gave her a nickname, her real name is Catherine, she's been my training teacher for weeks now. She does a really good job. I've learned really cool skills, and Catherine and I have gotten really close.

Catherine gives me her sweet smile, as her cheeks start to turn red, which makes me smile. I can't help it. Girls seem to do that all the time while they talk to me, especially when I say their name. They always blush. But I like the girls who don't.

"You've done a good job with your progress," Catherine says to me, but her voice sounds a little shaky. I chuckle softly, and she takes a step back.

"What?" I ask I know she's nervous, even though she's just talking to me, but... I am a guy, and girls usually act this way around me.

Catherine straightens her back, and all emotions leave her face, "Nothing," she says plainly.

I roll my eyes, "So what are we doing today?" I ask her.

Catherine moves her blonde hair behind her ear, she's trying to save herself some embarrassment. Although I don't see a need for her to be embarrassed. She does a pretty good job keeping herself from doing anything embarrassing. Except for that one time she ran into another scientist and spilled water all over her white T-shirt. She's pretty hot. I hope I'll get to see her in a bikini. After it warms up. I've been told that it's been especially cold. Which I'm honestly surprised about. When I was outside last, it got as hot as 145 degrees outside, and that was just in the morning. We all had to wear clothing that would protect us from the sun. Those who didn't were burnt to a crisp. I don't see why they kept trying.

"You're gonna meet the rest of the gang today," she says.

I sigh, "Finally," I say. I haven't been able to meet any of the other people here. They didn't allow us to socialize. They said they were waiting for someone important. Who was woken up a couple weeks ago. Right before I was. But they were powered down, to wait until the rest of us had woken up. We must all be awake now, and we've got most of our memory back. I remember everything that happened. Including the death of me and my family. I'm just still not clear on who my significant other was. But I know she was beautiful. And I say her name multiple times, I call her Al. or Alex. But I don't actually know who it is. I don't think she made it though. I hope she's still out there. I want to remember her. But I bet she got killed, along with most of the

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Catherine signals me with her finger to follow her. I follow her through brightly lit hallways. She leads me into an auditorium that is empty. "Here is where everyone will be in a couple of minutes," she says and gives me a soft smile, "Don't get too comfortable, Vex," she says.

At this point, I can't help myself, I lean in and kiss Catherine, and it's not just a playing kiss, I mean it. She's helped me through all of this, helped me remember things, and has trained me to be a better person. Maybe she's Alex. Maybe she isn't telling me who she really is, I think, but... she can't be. The kiss is different. Alex's kisses were more... meaningful. Catherine's aren't, her's are just for playing. I can taste the bitterness on her lips.

I pull away from Catherine, and realize that I've pushed her up against one of the tables in the auditorium. I nervously take a step back and rub the back of my neck. I wonder what moved me to do that.

Catherine clears her throat, and walks quickly out of the auditorium. I run my right hand through my hair, and breathe in harshly, "I'm such an idiot," I say out loud, then chuckle to myself, "I'm such an idiot and I still have the courage to kiss a girl I don't know anything about." I lean forward and rest my palms on one of the long rectangular tables in front of me. I sigh and slide my hands forward, resting both of my arms, and resting my head between my elbows, closing my eyes.

I try to remember more about Alex, but it usually only comes in dreams. So I have to think hard, but soon, everything starts to come back.

"Vex! You're such a fool!" Alex yells, while laughing. Her laugh is so soft, so sweet. I can just imagine the taste of the lips that allow that laugh to pass. Did I ever kiss Alex? As I start to look towards Alex, I'm just about to see her, when someone causes me to lose my focus.

I raise my head, and stand straight as they bring in two boys, the two seem to know each other, because they're laughing. They walk up to me, the first boy, with blonde hair, extends his hand out to me, for a handshake, "My name is Jonathan," he says.

I shake his hand, "Vex," I say.

"Nice to meet you, Vex," the second boy says. They're idiots. I can already tell.

The second boy reaches his hand out and grabs mine, shaking it quickly, and harshly, without letting go, "Djaq," he says.

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Jon opens his mouth to say something to me when the door opens again, this time, a girl walks in. She shyly walks to the other side of the room, she has long brown hair that looks as if it's been straightened with a straightening iron.

Djaq and Jon look at each other then lean to me, Jon whispers, "Wanna go mess with her?" he asks, "she looks like she'll be fun."

When they stand back into a normal position, waiting for my response. I look to the girl, she avoids eye contact with me, and stares at the floor, holding herself. I look back at John and Djaq, "No, I think we should leave her alone," I say.

Djaq and John exchanged glances, then shrug, "Sure, but we've gotta play with someone. We haven't been able to mess with a girl for ten years." Djaq says.

I roll my eyes, "We're not here to mess with girls," I say, "we're here to meet everyone."

Person after person piles into the small auditorium. I got to meet most of them, but got stuck with Djaq and Jon. Which now doesn't bother me, they're both a lot like me. There's fourteen of us in this room. But I was told that there were to be fifteen of us. Did someone not make it or something? Did an experiment go terribly wrong? What happened to the fifteenth person? Before I ask anyone the question. A table is rolled out on the stage in front of us, with a girl sitting on top of it.

The girl has red hair, long red hair and is swept over her shoulder. She's wearing a grey hoodie which has a light blue lightning bolt going through the front of it. Her head is facing downwards, as if she's sleeping. Her hands are rested in her lap, on top of her black mini skirt. She's cute, I think. And I'm not the only one, all the other eight boys in the room have lost their interest of the girls who are on the floor with us, all their attention is on this girl with the red hair. Why has she been brought in like this? Why isn't she with us? The doctor that pushed her onto the stage looks at us, then walks behind a curtain, he's gone for a couple seconds, then the girl opens her eyes, and brings up her head, her eyes glow blue. Her eyes, they're beautiful. I think I just got hooked.

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